

STRAY STREAKS

(By Fluke McFluke.)

Mrs. Barrass says since Ed has been hand-plowing and hoeing her garden he has called for and used up every thing on the place, not in use, for sweat-rags.

If we were a bootlegger and wanted to change our occupation, or perhaps better, profession, we would learn to be a brick mason, as the money they get is picked up, not in violation of the criminal code.

Bert Schapmire, who has been having trouble with his spine, or as we generally say "down with his back" since early spring, stands no chance for recovery so that one may notice it until Missus Schapmire and the boys get the garden finally laid-by.

Albert Cox was in town Monday, don't know from whence he came or whether he went, but he avoided this office. We received direct information of vile threats he has been making against us and I. D. Claire. We carried a baseball bat with us every time we left the office Monday, not as a weapon of offense but simply for self-protection.

Bat Nall has been trying to get Ed Barrass to put on the Tuesday night shows again. That is the regular meeting night for the Knights of Pythias and Bat used to camouflage Missus Nall by making her believe that he just must go to the lodge and when once he got to town it was an easy matter to sneak into the picture show.

Speaking of camouflage reminds us of the case of Howard Ellis some weeks ago. We needed Howard at a session of a certain lodge in town one night, and not being able to locate him we called his residence. Missus Ellis told us that Howard had been talking about wanting to hear a certain Lawyer deliver his speech in a case on trial at that time, and that she suspected that we would find him at the Courthouse. We happened to know that the said lawyer had made his speech before Court adjourned that afternoon and so unwittingly told Mrs. Ellis. "Well," she says, "I believe that I also heard him say something about wanting to go to the Chapter meeting and I am almost certain that you will find him at the hall." We were talking over the phone in the Lodge Hall, but had gotten our bearings on Howard's case by this time and simply thanked Mrs. Ellis with the remark that we would try to find him there. Thus, in order to shield a fellow deceiver we lent our aid by doing likewise and added another sin to the long list in the category of record against us.

Mrs. Barrass, in some manner, had gotten Ed to cut some weeds and other vegetation in her garden one day last week. Of course Ed was more than anxious to obliterate everything that did not look like peas, beans and ciders. After he had run his temperature up to about 120 f. h. and had gotten through, to his chagrin, he discovered that he had mown down a fine bed of horse radish. He went into the house and made confession to Missus Barrass, who had him go right back and dig up the roots so that she might prepare and can it in order to prevent possible loss. Barrass, after digging a bushel and a half, lugged it in. An examination by Mrs. Barrass revealed the fact that it was nothing in the world but common dock, and good for nothing. What Ed said we dare not print here, neither do we wish to think much about it. He was already hot-up and with the discovery nothing could keep the safety valve from blowing off. Don't speak of this in Ed's presence, it's not safe.

SULPHUR SPRINGS

Mrs. Lida Bean, of near this place, died Monday afternoon, of complications incident to old age. Funeral services were held at Mt. Vernon Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, after which the remains were buried in the Mt. Vernon cemetery. Mrs. Bean was a good Christian woman and loved by all who knew her. Her husband, Mr. W. F. Bean, preceded her to the grave only a few weeks, having died the latter part of April.

Mr. William Howard and family, of Vincennes, Ind., who have been visiting Mr. Howard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Howard, of Concord, for several days, departed for their home last Sunday. They drove through in their car. Mr. Howard is another Ohio county boy who seems to be "making good" in the Whoosier State.

Mr. Harlan Murphy of near Jingo, has been talking and threatening to buy an automobile for two years but has not bought yet. Why don't

some of you agents come out and sell him a car and pay me a commission for putting you wise? Fluke McFluke undertook to get funny in Streaks some weeks ago and

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as usual made a mess of it. He started in to make comparison with men and animals and got it all mixed up so you could not tell where he was at all, which reminds one of the controversy that was carried through the Kentucky Legislature and has since gone the Rounds of the Press relative to Evolution. Now we don't know what Fluke's idea of Evolution is or if he has an idea about that or anything else, but we do know that his walks and talks, and even his looks are all Eloquent pleas for the Darwin theory of Evolution. Be that as it may, they will have to evolve faster for the next ten thousand years than they have in the last or they will never be able to get all of the monkey out of Fluke.